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THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, March 18, 1916.

THE KING'S SHAMROCK DAY SPEECH TO HIS IRISH GUARDS

The Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1916

One Halfpenny.

PRINCE HENRY'S GOOD PERFORMANCE IN THE JUNIOR ETON
STEEPLECHASE: A DRENCHING AT THE WATER JUMP.

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The Prince at the water jump, where he got a thorough drenching. In the smaller picture he is seen on the left clambering on to dry land.

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Getting into his sweater.



The start of the junior race. It was very heavy going.



The policeman helps him on.

Prince Henry, the King's third son, took part in the Junior Steeplechase at Eton College yesterday and finished twelfth out of 110 competitors. At one time it looked as if he would be among the first three, but though he showed little signs of

distress the heavy going told on him in the last half-mile. The course was nearly two miles in length, and was in very bad condition as the result of the recent wet weather.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

THE KING'S EULOGY OF "THE UNIQUE CHABLE SPIRIT OF THE IRISH"

Their Majesties' Visit to the Irish Guards.

HEROES DECORATED.

The Queen Gives Mr. Redmond a Sprig of Shamrock.

The King and Queen paid a visit to the Irish Guards yesterday.

Accompanied by Lord Kerry (colonel commanding the battalion) and Lord Kitchener (Colonel-in-Chief of the Irish Guards) the King inspected the 3rd (Reserve) Battalion of the Guards, and decorated Lieutenant F. C. Pusch with the Distinguished Service Order, and Sergeant-Major T. Corry, Private B. J. Denton, Private J. Henry (all of the 1st Battalion), and Sergeant-Major W. J. Holmes, of the 2nd Battalion, with the D.C.M. for gallantry in the field.

Between the inspection and the presentation of medals the Queen handed to each of the officers, and through the company commanders to all the men of the battalion, the sprigs of shamrock which are Queen Alexandra's annual gift to the regiment on St. Patrick's Day.

Many of the men composing the hollow square in which the battalion was drawn up (some still at the front) had already been at the front.

The Queen presented Mr. John Redmond, the only civilian on the royal platform, with a sprig of shamrock, and placed it in his button-hole instead of the little green bunch he was already wearing.

TRIBUTE TO YPRES HEROES.

The King afterwards addressed the Guards as follows:

Lord Kitchener, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Irish Guards:—"On St. Patrick's Day, when Irishmen the world over unite to celebrate the memory of their Patron Saint, it gives me great pleasure to inspect the Reserve Battalion of my Irish Guards, and to testify my appreciation of the services rendered by the regiment in this war."

"The regiment was created by Queen Victoria in 1900 to commemorate the heroism of the Irish regiments in the South African war. By the splendid achievements in your first campaign you have proved yourselves worthy of this proud tribute to Irish valour, and have fully maintained the high traditions of the Brigade of Guards."

"I gratefully remember the heroic endurance of the 1st Battalion in the arduous retreat from Mons. Again at Ypres, on the critical November 1, when, as Lord Cavan, your Brigadier, wrote, those who were left alone and the enemy that Irish Guards must be reckoned with, however hard hit."

After twenty-eight days' incessant fighting against heavy odds, the 1st Battalion came out of the line less than a company strong, with only four officers—a glorious tribute to Irish loyalty and endurance."

"BAPTISM OF FIRE."

"The graves that mark the last resting-place of your gallant comrades will ever remain a monument of your sacrifice."

"In conferring the Victoria Cross on Lance-Corporal, now Lieutenant Michael O'Leary, the first Irish Guardsman to win this coveted distinction, I was proud to honour a deed that, in its fearless contempt of death, illustrated the spirit of my Guards."

At Loos the 2nd Battalion received its baptism of fire and confirmed its high reputation already won by the 1st Battalion."

"I deeply deplore the loss of so many officers and men, including, alas! three commanding officers, but the splendid appearance of the men on parade to-day, among whom I am glad to see many who have recovered from wounds and sickness, tells me that the spirit of the Irish is unquenchable."

"It has been a pleasure to the Queen to hand you the shamrock, the annual gift of Queen Alexandra. It is the badge which unites all Irishmen, and you have shown that it stands for loyalty, courage and endurance in adversity. May it carry you to victory. Be assured that in all trials to come my thoughts and prayers will ever be with you, and I wish you all good luck."

Lord Kitchener, in the course of his reply, said: "I trust and believe that the confidence which your Majesty reposes in this battalion will not be misplaced, and that in their future, no less than in their brief historical past, your Irish Guards, now raised to three battalions, will respond to every call of duty that may be made upon them by their country and their King."

THE KING'S SPORTSMEN SONS.

Prince Albert and Prince Henry, the King's sons, proved themselves thorough sportsmen yesterday.

Prince Albert, the sailor, attending his first public function—the opening of a new rifle range for the use of M.P.s at Westminster Palace offices—made a good target, the first shot hitting just above the bull's-eye.

Prince Henry ran in the Junior Steeplechase at Eton, and out of 110 competitors finished twelfth. He reached the tape dripping, but smiling, from the big water jump.

"INFAMOUS WORK."

Story at Court-martial of Captain's Protest by Telegram.

DISOBEDIENCE ALLEGED.

A general court-martial was held at Purfleet yesterday to investigate charges against Captain John Henry King, 7th Middlesex Regiment, in connection with his conduct in handing over a detachment of men which he then commanded to the command of another officer.

The first charge against the accused was that on December 20, at Tottenham, he disobeyed lawful command given by Colonel Francis Stephenson, C.B., to have everything ready to hand over to Captain Eales.

The accused was further charged with conduct prejudicial to military discipline, in that he sent the following telegram to Major-General Lord Cheylesmore:—

"Astounded you have innocently sanctioned most infamous work encompassing the ruin of three officers."

Captain King pleaded not guilty. Colonel Francis Stephenson, C.B., said Captain King seemed to be very anxious to be promoted to major.

On December 18 witness saw Lord Cheylesmore, and with his concurrence withdrew Captain King from his recruiting duties. A telegram was sent to Captain King directing him to hand everything over to Captain Eales.

Captain Eales stated that when he arrived to take over the detachment he found accused was absent, and he saw no troops, except one military policeman.

At 10.30 a.m. on the 21st accused handed over the detachment in a very unsatisfactory manner. As he was leaving the drill hall he said in the hearing of the men around the door: "I am ashamed of my uniform."

Sergeant W. H. Carnell, of Captain King's detachment, said that on December 20 the detachment paraded in the drill hall. Captain King addressed the men and said he was going to take them out on a march, while he tried to retain the men under his command as a separate unit. They marched to Woodford. On arriving back at the ferry, Walthamstow, Captain King again addressed the men, saying he had been trying hard all day to keep the men together as a unit, but had not been successful.

He implored the men to remember that they were soldiers and to obey all orders.

Lieutenant Goodman Roberts: In your opinion, did Captain King's behaviour smooth over what might have been a very ugly situation?—Yes. The Court adjourned till to-day.

LONDON'S GREEN DAY.

Green is the colour of spring and of hope. And, most appropriately, green was the colour that met the eye, wherever one turned yesterday in the London streets.

Early in the morning an army of over 5,000 pretty girls carrying baskets of little green flags descended upon London, and soon every passer-by was wearing one of these emblems.

Among London's flag sellers were Lady Macdonnell, who was stationed in Victoria Station, the Hon. Anne Macdonnell, near the Houses of



Gerie Azeal, whose father is in the trenches, captures the garrison sergeant-major at Aldershot, who is seen paying for his sprig.

Commons, the Marchioness of Sligo, at the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, the Marchioness of Headfort, and the Marchioness of Ormonde.

The proceeds of the street sale are to be devoted to providing comforts for Irish soldiers who are held in 2,000 or more of the fortifications to Irish military prisoners in Germany.

TAKING BADGES OFF SINGLE MEN.

Systematic inspection of firms engaged on War Office contracts whose employees have received badges is being rapidly carried out to ensure any who may be found to be no longer required.

Special attention is being paid to eligible single men in all cases where they can be replaced by men over age.

THE SILENT GREEK

Lending a Book at Boarding-house Leads to Slander Suit.

MORALS OF CLEOPATRA.

An incident at a boarding-house yesterday occupied the attention of Mr. Justice Shearman, who heard an action brought by Miss Ethel Sherwood, a governess, of Harrow Weald, to recover damages for alleged slander from Miss C. G. Bligh Livesay, who keeps a boarding-house at 30, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park.

Mr. Eustace Hills, for the plaintiff, said his client was a teacher of English in Berlin when the war broke out, and she had met the defendant there.

One of the boarders was a Mr. Kassary, a Greek. He had lent the plaintiff an old French book to read, and on June 9, a very hot day, the lady was in her bedroom sitting on the bed sewing a blouse and singing. Because of the heat she had removed her blouse and skirt.

Miss Livesay.

Suddenly Mr. Kassary appeared for a second through the open door and asked for the return of the book. She told him she would return it, and he left at once. Mr. Hills went on to say that the plaintiff alleged that Miss Livesay later said to a Mr. Hope that she had taught Miss Sherwood and Mr. Kassary "under terrible circumstances."

Miss Sherwood, in a witness-box, indignantly denied the suggestion against her.

Mr. Christopher Kassary said he did not talk much, and he was called "the silent." The book he lent plaintiff was entitled "Femmes Celebres."

Counsel: Who were the celebrated women described in the book?—I cannot remember.

Were they all respectable characters?—I think so. One was Cleopatra.

You will find her quite respectable!—That is an historical question.

Mr. Schiller, for the defence, said that no allegation of unchastity against the plaintiff was now made and that the alleged slander imputing immorality was denied.

The hearing was adjourned.

KAISER'S PEACE TERMS.

Germany seems to want peace.

She has just formulated new peace terms and asked for secret parliaments with an Ally spokesman in a neutral country.

These parliaments have not been granted, for Germany's method of setting to work has been underhand and "below board," and her terms are not acceptable.

What are these terms?

You will find them in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*, set forth in one of the most, if not the most remarkable article that has been published since the outbreak of war.

The writer of this article is Mr. J. Dillon, whose intimate knowledge of the secrets of diplomacy surpasses that of any man in England outside the Cabinet.

He has chosen the *Sunday Pictorial* as the medium for making his statement to the world. This statement appears to-morrow morning; to-morrow afternoon it will be all over Europe and America.

There are many other good things in this issue of the *Sunday Pictorial*. Mr. B. Bowles writes stirring on "The Last Lap"—a contribution that gains a special significance in view of Dr. Dillon's revelations; while a famous woman writer has penned a striking article on "What I Think of Conscientious Objectors."

You had better order your copy to-day, for there is no doubt about to-morrow's issue being sold clean out.

"EX-MINISTER" AND TRIBUNAL.

Great difficulty will be experienced with married men if the War Office steps in in such cases, remarked the clerk to the Weybridge Tribunal, at which it was contended that political influence had been exercised in the case of a young man named Howard, the son of a local fishmonger, whose application for exemption was recently dismissed by the tribunal.

The clerk said that Howard communicated with the Liberal Cabinet M.P. Minister, contending that he was being cajoled into the Army. The ex-Minister pulled the strings, and the War Office ordered the case not to be proceeded with.

An Under Secretary wired to Howard: "Have no fear."

The clerk said such doings behind the backs of the authorities nullified the Military Service Act.

If anyone comes across a "little friendly tabby cat somewhere in France," and finds himself near the headquarters of the 18th Division Artillery, will he give it to the men there, is a request *The Daily Mirror* is asked to publish.

MR. BOWLES' TELLING FIVE MINUTES.

His Practical Example of Fair Play at a Meeting.

MARRIED MEN'S MAN.

THE CANDIDATES.

Mr. T. G. Bowles, the Married Men's Man. Mr. Percy Harris, Coalition Government candidate.

Polling day, Thursday, March 23.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LEICESTER, Friday.—Mr. Gibson Bowles, the married man's candidate, is getting well into his stride in the Market Harborough campaign. This fight, he told me to-day, is the toughest he has ever undertaken.

It is probably an election without precedent. There can be no canvass of the electors in the limited time before polling on Thursday next, for the Harborough Division is one of the most widely scattered in the country.

The constituents are about equally divided among the agricultural and the manufacturing classes, nearly all of them being electors, being residents in parts of Leicester and its suburbs."

Mr. Gibson Bowles is going to his constituents with fair play for married men as his main cry, and he is not only demanding fair play, but he is giving it, as I saw at a dinner-hour meeting outside a big boot factory near Leicester.

Mr. Harris, Mr. Gibson Bowles's opponent, had also arranged a meeting, although he himself was not speaking.

ATTENDED HUSBANDS NOT SHIRKERS.

Mr. Bowles, he easily have had the few minutes before the meeting returned to work entirely to himself, but he refused.

"Let's have fair overs," he said to Mr. Harris's representative. "I'll take five minutes and you take five. Mr. Bowles, watch in hand, spoke from his car for his five minutes, stopped sharp to time, and instantly Mr. Harris's representative rose and began his turn."

But in his five minutes Mr. Bowles put in some telling work, quickly dissipating the suggestion that has been made that the married men wish to shirk their obligations.

What Mr. Bowles demands is that the pledge given to the married men shall be kept, that be men shall be called upon to sacrifice their homes as they have willingly undertaken to do, all the single men shall be called to the colours. And he goes further. He demands that proper provision be made by the Government to safeguard the married men's homes.

FATHER ANSWERS HECKLER.

A child's heckler in the audience was quickly answered by another listener, a man with seven children to support.

Mr. Bowles is making part of his policy a call for the unhindered use of our naval power. As the man who smashed the infamous Declaration of London, "Captain" Bowles is sure of a sympathetic hearing on these grounds.

The Harborough electors are quick to grasp the significance of Mr. Bowles's policy for the right to criticise the Government. Unless the people make their voices heard plainly and unmistakably, as they can by refusing to return the Coalition candidate, they are, he says, giving approval to the Government's present policy.

And that approval the people certainly do not give. Criticism of the Government can only come from independent members.

It is expected that Mr. Herbert Billing will come down on Monday to speak on behalf of the "Married men's man."

Mr. Gibson Bowles badly needs helpers and motor-cars, and any offers of help will be gladly received at the B. Hotel, Leicester.

The Press Association's special correspondent understands that a special meeting of the Unionist Party leaders in the Harborough Division will be held to-day to give the Unionist electors a lead.

MASS MEETING OF HUSBANDS.

In deference to the wishes of the police authorities, the procession arranged in connection with the attested married men's protest meeting at Hyde Park to-day will assemble at the junction of Newington Causeway with the Borough-road, instead of at the Elephant and Castle.

Procession will start from Tower-hill at 1.30. The Press Association learns that there is no intention to postpone the call to the married groups Nos. 25 to 32 inclusive.

PLOT TO BLOW UP A TRIBUNAL.

At the Newport, Mon., military tribunal yesterday Mr. L. H. Hornby, the chairman, said the following letter had been received by Mr. Collins, the caretaker of the town hall:—

"Sir,—I understand on very good authority that there is a plot in vogue to leave a bomb at the town hall if the members are overruling the law."

"Just a word for you to be on the look out. (Signed) K."

The chairman observed that the letter in no way frightened the members.

GERMANS MAKE FIVE ATTACKS FOR VAUX FORT AND VILLAGE

Onslaughts Smashed by French Curtain Fire.

MACHINE GUNS' TOLL.

Desperate Effort to Drive Wedge to Verdun Citadel Fails.

FOE SALIENT RAIDED.

ANOTHER BIG BLOW.

The Germans have speedily followed up their bitter failure at Dead Man by launching a desperate blow at Vaux Fort and village in the hope of making a direct drive at the citadel. Although the Germans rushed five times to the attack, this fierce offensive was smashed by the French curtain fire.

BERLIN AND DEAD MAN HILL.

Berlin asserts that the French unsuccessfully sent a division against "our positions on the Mort Homme (Dead Man) Height." In the first attack, they say, the French reached their lines, but that the few who reached them were taken prisoner. The second attack failed. It must be remembered that the French deny that the Germans hold Dead Man (Hill 295).

HUNS WANT OUR GOLD.

With characteristic boasting Dr. Helfferich, the German Chancellor of the Exchequer, has introduced his new war taxes into the Reichstag.

Germany is still gambling on huge war indemnities. That it is our money she is hoping to get was made clear by Dr. Helfferich, who asserted "that hopes of a financially favourable conclusion of peace will be maintained." But, even so, he sadly admitted the necessity for new taxes, the immediate yield of which is expected to total \$25,000,000.

NEW FIERCE OFFENSIVE FOR VERDUN.

Germans Pay Bitter Price for Vain Dashes for Vaux.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Friday.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

West of the Meuse the bombardment slackened during the night.

In the region of Bethincourt and Cumières the enemy, after his sanguinary defeat of yesterday, did not renew his attempts against the Dead Man position.

East of the Meuse a recrudescence of the bombardment was followed from 8 p.m. onwards by a series of very violent offensive actions directed against our positions in the village and fort of Vaux.

Five successive attacks with heavy effectives were hurled forward by the Germans in this region without any success.

Two were directed against the village, two more against the slopes of the ridge crowned by the fort, and finally one attempted to debouch out of a sunken road south-east of the village of Vaux.

All these attacks were shattered by our curtains of fire and our machine guns, and cost the enemy important sacrifices.

West of Pont à Mousson a coup de main, carried out against a salient of the enemy's line in the Bois de Mort Mare, enabled us to bring back some prisoners and to inflict some losses on the enemy.

CHRISTENED ARMoured CAR, "RHINOCEROS."

JOHANNESBURG, Friday.—A vivid account of the fighting in East Africa shows that the enemy has the advantage of irregular lanes, skillfully cut and designed in the thick, thorny bush, where machine-guns were able to engage in cross-fire.

Snipers were artfully disposed in trees and in contracted open spaces.

The work of locating them was slow and risky. The enemy's native troops were formidable, but in the open the armoured cars commanded by naval officers created terror in the minds of the natives, who named the cars "Rhinceros."

BERLIN TALKS OF FRENCH SURPRISE ATTACK.

Assault That Was Made on "Our Dead Man Positions."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Friday.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Western Theatre of War.—Six English mine explosions to the south of Loos were unsuccessful.

In various sectors in Champagne, as well as between the Meuse and Moselle, there have been tenacious artillery duels.

In the Meuse region the enemy sent forward repeatedly a fresh division, which, like the 27th, has been on a comparatively small width of the front, was noticed as soon as it appeared, and came forward against our positions on Dead Man Height.

At the first attack attempted, which was made without artillery preparation and was in the nature of a surprise, a few companies succeeded in reaching our lines, where the few unwounded men remaining were taken prisoners.

The second attack was stopped by our curtain fire.

Eastern and Balkan Theatres of War.—The position generally is unchanged.—Wireless Press.

GREAT ENEMY FAILURE AT THE DEAD MAN.

Division's Futile Efforts to Shake French Resistance.

PARIS, Thursday.—A semi-official statement says:—

The Germans, after a calm night on the front before Verdun, generally resumed the offensive west of the Meuse to-day (Thursday).

After having furiously bombarded our whole front from Bethincourt to Cumières their columns endeavoured by an extremely violent thrust to penetrate into our works on the slopes of the Dead Man, the possession of which would in particular have facilitated their progress on the right bank in the region of Vacherauville.

WAVES OF ASSAULT.

Successive waves of assault, at least a division strong, did not succeed in gaining a footing at any point on Hill 295, which really constitutes the Dead Man position, and they had to retire upon Crows' Wood, where the concentrated fire of our artillery, which was immediately let loose, inflicted considerable losses on their compact masses.

Once more the resistance of the French forces managed to shatter a formidable assault.

Yesterday, however, the Germans alleged that they occupied the Dead Man. This time again their communiqué was false.

They gained a footing on the 14th, only temporary, in some trench elements—150 yards at the most—at Hill 285, 220 yards north-west of Hill 295, the Dead Man.

Counter-attacks on the 15th chased them from there almost completely, and our line, Bethincourt-Dead Man-Cumières, remains intact.

East of the Meuse there was no infantry attack to report, but only a bombardment on our front, Douaumont-Vaux.—Reuter.

LOSING THEIR PUNCH.

PARIS, Friday.—The newspapers say that the position of the French at Verdun is improving every day. After twenty-six days of fighting and of fruitless assaults the Germans are becoming feeble.

It is possible that they may pull themselves together and that reserves of men and material may enable them to make a final supreme effort, but the weakening of the German attacks can already be accepted with feelings of complete satisfaction.—Reuter.



In a munition factory, showing big shells ready for the front.—(French War Office photograph.)

TORPEDOING OF LINER PROVED BY AFFIDAVITS.

Feared Loss of Life Through Boats Being Overturned.

THE HAGUE, Friday.—The Ministry of Marine announces that affidavits made by the first and fourth officers and the look-out man of the Tubantia show that the steamer was hit by a torpedo.

The white wake caused by the torpedo was clearly seen by them. An explosion amidships followed.

The ship was struck beneath the waterline on the starboard side.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday (delayed).—A special train containing a large number of survivors from the Tubantia's passengers and crew arrived here at about eleven o'clock last night from the Hook of Holland.

Among the travellers were the American Consul at Stuttgart, Mr. Schilling, and his wife and daughter.

According to Mr. Schilling, the vessel was not torpedoed, but struck a mine.

Mr. Schilling said he had heard that some persons had lost their lives.—Reuter.

THE HAGUE, Thursday.—According to information received by the Dutch Admiralty, 377 survivors of the Tubantia have reached Holland, whereas, according to the Rotterdam Lloyd Company's list, there were 381 on board. It is believed that the discrepancy is to be attributed to some slight error, and it is hoped that all have been saved.—Reuter.

RUSSING, Thursday (later).—The tugboat Sein has brought in here twenty-two survivors of the Tubantia. Some of them say that only two or three persons were drowned, while others speak of the overturning of one or two boats. The cargo and mails were entirely lost.

Some speak of having seen searchlights, but from what direction it was not clear.—Reuter.

FAMOUS AIRMAN'S RUSE IN SKY BATTLE.

When Hit, Lieut. Guynemer Made "Faked" Fall of 900ft.

PARIS, Friday.—The *Matin* states that the well-known airman, Lieutenant Guynemer, who has won a reputation as a destroyer of German aircraft, has just been wounded in the region of Verdun. His wounds are not serious.

Two days ago Lieutenant Guynemer noticed two German aircraft sailing above him, and placed himself behind one of them. When he judged the range suitable he riddled the German with bullets.

The German machine turned over and crashed to the ground.

After this first victory Guynemer swooped down on the second German aeroplane, but, misjudging his speed through unfamiliarity with his machine—a new one—he forged ahead of it.

German after having only fired seven or eight shots which went wide.

The enemy, who thus had the advantage, opened fire on the Frenchman and riddled his engine casing with bullets.

Splinters struck Guynemer in the face, cutting somewhat deeply into his cheek and nose, while two bullets went through his left arm.

Guynemer let himself drop like a stone for about 900 feet so as to give his opponent the impression that he had brought him down. The German, thinking the battle won, proceeded on his way.

Meanwhile Guynemer recovered himself, and, steering his machine with one hand, succeeded in landing within the French lines.—Reuter.



Lieutenant Guynemer.

"LYNCH LAW" IN THE PRUSSIAN DIET.

Mad Rage of Members and Ejection of Liebknecht.

FRENZIED BOASTINGS.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—During the sitting of the Prussian Diet last Wednesday the Socialist Deputy, Herr Adolf Hoffmann, spoke for two hours.

He concluded his speech by appealing to the House to "work in the interests of humanity instead of stirring up hatred amongst the nations and helping in the general destruction."

"Otherwise," he continued, "exasperation and hunger will force the peoples of all countries to take their destiny into their own hands." Turbulent scenes were also witnessed at yesterday's sitting. The *Cologne Gazette* says that in the course of a speech by the Socialist, Dr. Liebknecht, "parliamentary lynch law and the removal according to order of Liebknecht became necessary."—Reuter.

'DRIVING BACK' THE FOE.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—A Berlin telegram states that the Budget (new taxation) Bill came up for first reading in the Reichstag to-day.

Dr. Helfferich, Secretary of State, said that the Budget contained no items for the prosecution of the war. The credit voted last December was still ample for some time to come.

Dr. Helfferich continued:—

No matter how high we may raise hopes of a financially favourable conclusion of peace—and such hopes will be maintained—nevertheless, it remains certain that a considerable increase of the Imperial revenue will be necessary.

Twenty-five million pounds of new taxation is not a burden which the German people is unable to bear.

We have raised with increasing success in three huge loans £1,250,000,000.

France, with her Loan of Victory, could not cover £500,000,000 of her expenditure.

COST OF THE WAR.

We beat Great Britain's first loan with the result of our second loan, and Great Britain's second loan with the result of our third loan, and Great Britain did not issue a third loan.

Our monthly war expenses surpassed £100,000,000 in the last months of 1915, but were lower for January and February, and will probably also be lower for March, 1916.

England's daily war expenses have for a long time past amounted to £4,500,000, and will soon reach £5,000,000, and are thus clearly 50 per cent. higher than ours.

The daily war expenses of France are about as high as ours. The same applies to Russia.

Our troops have driven back the enemy gloriously and tenaciously at Verdun—they know victory belongs to them and those at home will contribute to that victory.

The House then adjourned until next Wednesday.—Reuter.

GERMAN PRESS DEMANDS MORE U BOAT PIACY.

"Submarine War Must Be Continued Without Regard to America."

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—During the last few days the German papers have manifested great dissension over questions about the purposes and methods of the war.

The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* and *Kreuzzeitung* both demand that the submarine war shall be continued to the utmost degree and without any regard to America.

Against this demand the Socialist Press speaks with a bold voice. Theodor Wolff, writing in the *Tagblatt* in regard to Colonel House's observation that "Germany wants peace, but on conditions not to be gratified," says: "A foreigner on a visit of short duration at a time when public inquiry is prohibited is not able to learn the real wishes of Germany."

The whole article is falsified by the aid of naive professional politicians, party speculators and agitators generally.

In all the circumstances there will, it is expected, be the greatest excitement in the Reichstag.—Exchange.

FOE ACTIVE IN BELGIUM.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—The Vaz Dias Agency states that renewed and formidable activity reigns in the German armies in Belgium.

Military motor-cars with engineers and officers are racing about in all directions, and artillery is being transferred to and from the front in seemingly endless trains.

Small but numerous divisions of cavalry are moving towards the fighting lines.

Information received from Ghent says that the end of February 12,079 families in that city, numbering 42,220 people, were living on public charity.—Central News.

INTERNED MEN AT RUHLEBEN PRODUCE A PANTOMIME.



The beauty chorus. All the "actresses" were men, as in Shakespeare's days, and are civilian prisoners.

£150,000 A YEAR



Charlie Chaplin, the famous film actor, whose salary is to be increased to £150,000 a year. He is also insured for £50,000 against the possible loss of his services.



The squire with his wife and "lovely" daughters.

The "old lady" is Mr. R. Castang, who had the celebrated chimpanzees, Max and Moritz, at the Wonder Zoo at Olympia at Christmas, 1913.

A KHAKI SPEECH



Captain William Redmond, brother of the Irish Nationalist leader, who brought a message from the soldiers to the House. It was to send out reinforcements.—(Russell.)

FOR M.P.s TO LEARN SHOOTING.



The rifle range which has been constructed in the vaults at St. Stephen's for use of members of both Houses. It was opened yesterday by Prince Albert (seen in the circle).

PROTECTED FROM COLD WINDS.



Transparent wind screen for side-cars. It has been invented by Mr. Walbro, of Ely. The passenger can talk to the driver through the ear trumpet.

SISTERS WORK FOR WOUNDED.



Miss G. Jones.



Miss H. Jones.



Miss V. Jones.

These three sisters, the Misses H., G. and V. Llewellyn Jones, are workers at the British Red Cross Central Workrooms at Burlington House.—(Russell.)

To MAKE THE MOST of MILK
use it in sweets and savouries made with

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

SWEETS: SAVOURIES:
Corn Flour Custard, Macaroni Cheese,
Blancmange, Savoury Blancmange,
Corn Flour Pudding, Haddock Soufflé.

Brown & Polson Corn Flour makes milk completely digestible, and is thus of notable value for children, and for babies after teething, who often have difficulty in digesting milk alone. For the latter purpose use as a plain milk soup.

1 lb. 3 lb. & 2 lb. pkts.;
the 1 lb. packets being the most economical.

Sold by all grocers. Recipes in every packet.

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THE CENTURY POTTERY
DEPT. D.M.5 BURSLEM, STAFFS.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1916.

A POSSIBLE CHANGE?

APPROACHING us at a fair distance yesterday, near a big London railway station, we saw a couple of women, dressed more or less as boy scouts down to their waists, and, after that, chiefly as policemen with kilts on. In their arms, these good ladies were seen to be carrying bundles of—what?

What was it?

As they came nearer, the carried objects seemed to grow more, rather than less, mysterious. One of us remarked: "Why, they've got rifles slung over their shoulders!" Another contradicted: "No, it's a bundle of swagger canes." "But what on earth would they be carrying those for?" "Wait till they come nearer."

They came; they passed; and we saw at last that they carried bags of golf clubs. Breath from the past! Memory of dead days! To be sure. Golf clubs.

It was as though, suddenly, we'd seen a Sedan chair advancing between periwigged porters in puce breeches and buckle shoes. Golf clubs! "We'll never go back to them again," said our friend in khaki; "so the women needn't keep things going on those lines. That's not the way to replace men."

"But possibly they want to play on their own account?" "Slackers!"

Thus spoke a man who was a confirmed golfer before the war.

Can it be, then, as he now supposes, that we non-golfers are free from it? Will acres of countryside no longer be cut up, flattened down, rolled, tamed, suppressed and made private by golf? Will this extensive form of ball-losing give us back our lost land? Or will the women "keep things going" here, as elsewhere, till the men get back?

Pursuing our memories, we put the question, a little later, to another old golfer.

"Be careful," he said. "You object to golf because it ruined the countryside, don't you? Take care you don't get a worse thing. If we don't have golf we'll have the land sold and brick villas built over it. At least golf keeps spaces open."

"But oughtn't the old golfing hours to be devoted, after the war, to military training for our young men? Wouldn't it be wise to replace golf club by rifle?"

"That won't improve the look of the country. Do you want trenches all along your favourite cliffs? As you wander in the woods, do you want to find them scattered with snipers? Do you want to look up and see a blackened sky shedding experimental bombs on to imaginary munition works? Do you . . ."

"Oh, stop, stop!" But he wouldn't. He went on: "Instead of 'Mr. Balfour drives off' under a photograph of the ex-Premier, not looking his best with an open mouth, and 'Mr. Lloyd George approaches the fourth hole,' under a dishevelled portrait of our old favourite swinging his club, you'll have 'The Prime Minister scores a bull's eye' and see 'Mr. Asquith at the ranges,' or 'Sir John Simon with his gas mask on.' . . . Will these look better than the old golfing-attitudes?"

We at last stopped him by saying that if it must be, it must be, for England's sake. "Anyhow it will be some use, whereas golf . . ." W. M.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY.

Who counsels peace at this momentous hour,
When God hath given deliverance to the oppressed,
And to the injured power?
Who counsels peace, when Vengeance like a flood
Rolls on, no longer now to be repressed,
When innocent blood
From the four corners of the world cries out
For justice upon one accursed head;
When Freedom hath her holy banners spread
Over all nations, now in one just cause
United, when with one sublime accord
Europe throws off the yoke abhorred,
The Loyalty and Faith of Ancient Laws
Follow the avenging sword—
—SOUTHEY (1814).

MY PURSUIT OF A GOLDEN POUND.

HOW I AT LAST FOUND A PRESENT FOR A CHILD.

By WILLIAM POLLOCK.

POSSIBLY it was illegal, but I had not seen a sovereign for so long that I risked the wrath of Mr. McKenna, or Mr. John Bradbury, or whoever it is that gets all the gold.

My pursuit of a golden pound began of sheer curiosity and at the Bank of England. I had no dark design. It was simply a question of fulfilling a promise made long ago to a child for whom no money is money that isn't metal also.

"May I ask for what purpose you require gold?" inquired the urbane gentleman before whom I persuasively dangled a note.

"I want it for a present for a child," I said boldly.

The urbane gentleman smiled indulgently.

The gentleman holding the position beat a skilful retreat to a far corner, where he engaged in seemingly important and urgent business with a ledger.

Failure at the bank left me determined rather than discouraged. It was months since I had seen a sovereign, but I felt there must be one or two still to be found in circulation, and—for no particular reason—I had become obsessed with the desire to find one.

The lady who took the money for my lunch was cheerfully pessimistic on the subject.

TRACKING IT DOWN.

"A sovereign!" she exclaimed amusedly. "Why, I haven't had such a thing since I don't know when. I had half a sovereign in the till a few weeks ago—it was a soldier home on leave who brought it in, I remember—and when the gov'nor saw it he got quite excited. He took it off to the bank as though it was I don't know what."

Thereafter I made a quite unnecessary tour of places where sovereigns might be lurking, and spent various more or less unnecessary sums but all to no good. No one would confess to

FROM ROBBERS TO BEGGARS.



A sad come-down for Big and Little Willie! They began by demanding "world-power" at the point of the pistol. They go on by asking for very much less. They will end by being content with nothing at all.—By Mr. W. K. Haselden.

"But, surely," he said, indicating my pound note, "that is just the same?" I felt that he could not be a family man—not even an uncle. I shook my head and answered him with an air of superiority.

"Oh, no, not in the least." For a moment I had a fleeting mental picture of my child waving notes away and demanding gold. But the urbane gentleman evidently did not allow similar imagination to override his stern sense of duty.

"I am sorry," he said without emotion, "but I am afraid I cannot change your note for you. Perhaps at the middle desk—"

I approached a faultlessly attired gentleman seated on a high chair and temporarily disengaged.

"I am sorry," he apologised; "this is the Belgian Exchange, you see. Perhaps if you were to go—"

I went.

Word of my approach was evidently signalled, however, for as I advanced towards my third point of attack it was evacuated—without loss.

the possession of a gold sovereign—or even a half.

"Shouldn't give you one if I had a drawer full," a post-office lady informed me with haughty self-satisfaction. "We're not allowed to, if you want to know."

She seemed peculiarly pleased about the matter.

At a music-hall box-office they explained that they only had gold at the week-end, "when people from the provinces come up to town—and then we do not get more than two pounds worth in every hundred we take." And at the club, where I approached the waiter on the subject of a deal in gold, a member, whom I know to be a special constable, intervened with observations concerning the Defence of the Realm Act. Not being sufficiently versed in the Act I forbore to argue and abandoned the pursuit and went home.

"Can you remember what a golden sovereign looks like?" I asked my wife.

"Not at all clearly," she said hopefully.

Then I explained the doings of my day.

CINEMA SAVING.

WHY NOT TEACH PEOPLE TO ECONOMISE BY PICTURES?

LESSONS ON THE FILM.

WOULD it not be possible to use the enormous appeal of the cinemas for inculcating lessons of thrift in the masses of people who always seem to find money enough to frequent them and who are so loath to economise at the present moment?

For instance, sandwiched between two American films of the blood and thunder order (which besides being pernicious to children's eyesight, cost the country £20,000,000 a year in imports) throw on the screen the fact that "80z. haricot beans contain as much nourishment (roughly) as 80z. lean beef." Follow this with a short, cheap, concise recipe.

Then illustrate it by showing the way to concoct an appetising dish from the beans, making an attractively dressed cook hold up the various ingredients before she drops them in. Show the appearance of the savoury dish when cooked and its delighted reception by a tableful of smiling children.

End by throwing on the screen the remark that this housewife has set free so much meat for feeding our soldiers and helped the country to save on her import bill.

Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

"ALL TOGETHER."

MY experience of forty-five years may be of some assistance to those mistresses who complain of waste in the kitchen and a want of sympathy among their servants and themselves.

I have had my share of difficulties, but, on the whole, I have had great success, and I attribute this largely to my taking an interest in my servants' welfare, seeing they were well fed, giving them plenty of outings, and books to read; also arranging that each one has a summer holiday.

Brookley. K. G.

EVENINGS OUT.

I AM afraid the suggestion that servants, in order to help the country, should give up their evenings out, must have originated in the bright brain of some master or mistress wanting a little extra work for no extra money.

Even if servants were to give up every evening out for ten years and sit in the kitchen in sackcloth and with ashes on their heads, the country would not benefit in any way, as far as I can see.

RECREATION.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 17.—From now until the end of the month ferns may be planted. These are beautiful subjects for shady corners, although it should be remembered that they also do well in positions where they receive a fair amount of sunshine.

Shade-loving flowers—primroses, Chrysanthemums, roses, wood lilies, Lenten roses, bluebells, snowdrops—look very pretty when set with ferns. The ground can be covered with periwinkle (vinca).

E. F. T.

"Well, if you really want to look at a sovereign," said she, "and if you'll promise not to tell."

"You don't mean to tell me," I began.

"Pass me my bag," she commanded. "Never mind where I got it; I've had it for months."

"I congratulate you," I said.

"On being able to keep a secret?" she said.

"Pout!"

"No, on being able to keep a sovereign," I answered her.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The difference between talents and character is adroitness to keep the old and trodden road, and power and courage to make a new road to new and better goals. Character makes an overpowering present; a cheerful, determined hour, which fortifies all the company, by making them see that much is possible and excellent that was not thought of.—Emerson.

THE MASKED CHILDREN OF PONT À MOUSSON WALK TO AN



At Pont à Mousson, twenty miles south of Verdun, the poilus have built a sandbag arcade, behind which civilians can walk.



The town has had a number of stray visitors in

TWO MEDALS.



Company Sergeant-Major W. Griffiths, who has won both the D.C.M. and the French Military Medal.

TWO POWER



A 15-pounder shell, also a bomb of 112lb. at the A

THE NEW COLLAR.



Princess serge frock to be seen at Ernest's. It shows the new collar and the large pockets.

TRAINING THE ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.



Drill on a dummy loader. It's real hard work, and keeps the men fit. One of them (on the left of the photograph) has hurt his finger, which is being bound up.

A DUKE'S OFFER.



The Duke of Oporto, who has offered his services as a military officer to the Portuguese Government. He is an uncle of King Manoel.—(Lafayette.)

"BAD FORM IN DRESS": A NEW POSTER.



Reading the new poster issued by the National Committee for War Savings. It is headed "Bad Form in Dress," and deprecates all extravagance.

GENE



Mr. G. S. munition ing that her six so for one and off

THEIR SCHOOL WELL PROTECTED AGAINST STRAY SHELLS



...s, which have left their mark upon the houses.

WEAPONS.



...little girl, and an aerial
...hibition, Prince's Skat-

FER.



...ingham
...n hear-
...d given
...plied
...to her
...e lad's

GEN. ROQUES.

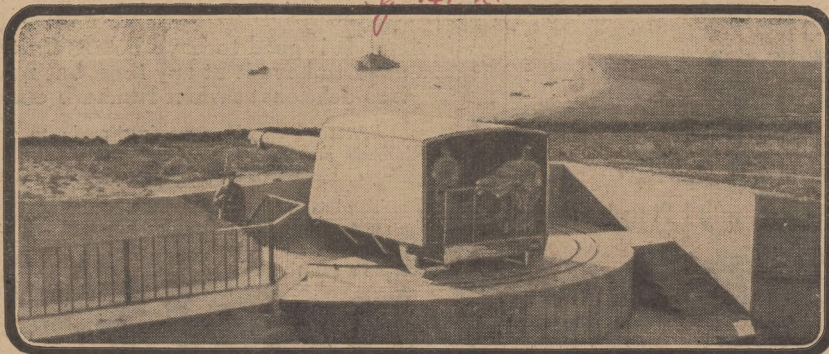


General Roques, ex-Director of Aeronautics, who is to succeed General Gallieni as French War Minister.



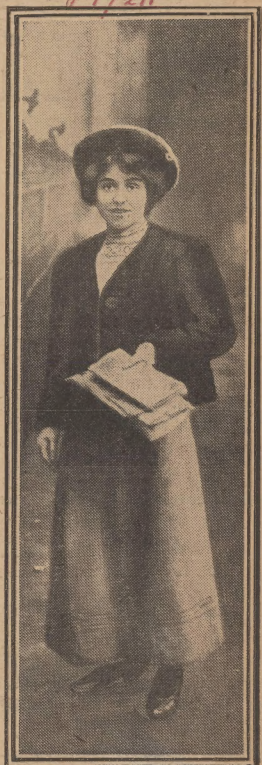
The children feel quite safe now behind the bags, but they always wear masks in case a poisonous shell comes their way.

GREEK FORT BEING MANNED BY THE BRITISH.



British sentry at Greek fort at Tuzla Point, showing the sunken transport Norseman. To the left of that vessel is a destroyer landing marines to assist in the occupation.—(Official photograph.)

CASE SETTLED.



Miss Victoria Poulton, whose action was settled yesterday, looks pleased as she leaves the Courts.

TIRED HUNS CAPTURED NEAR VERDUN.



Types of Huns captured by the French in the great Verdun struggle. They were all glad to fall into the hands of their chivalrous enemy.

"PAT'S" JOURNEY



Private "Pat" Brown, aged sixteen. He ran away from home, worked his passage to Liverpool on a steamer and enlisted on the day he landed.



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TO THE
PUBLIC

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Address

Mr. 10

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LAXATIVES**

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SAMPLE**

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it so delicious as when Rhubarb comes in.**

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**8! IVEL
CHEESE**

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Rosalie.

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNNE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, feels a sudden sympathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

The little quarrel is afterwards patched up, and Rosalie says she will not see Wynne again. But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to, as he cannot afford it. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100. "Lucy" is really a young wastrel named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to accept. But she does not actually go, though her husband, unknown to her, goes secretly. Rosalie finds out and tells him what she thinks about it. She goes to visit Wynne's studio, where she breaks down.

"YOU CAD!"

THE girl's convulsive sobbing was agony to Wynne. He had never seen a woman cry before. He had suddenly a revelation of Rosalie's stress of misery, and it appalled him. "Please, please—oh! please don't cry. What is the matter? What is making you so unhappy? You must tell me. I can't bear to see you unhappy."

She shook her head. "We're friends, aren't we," he pleaded. "You can trust me, Rosalie. You know you can. What is the matter?"

He paused, and as she did not reply he laid his hand very gently on her shoulder. The touch was a caress.

"But I know what is the matter," he said quietly.

She sat avert, horror in her brimming eyes.

"You know?" she faltered.

"I think so."

"How could you have guessed?"

"If I am right it is because you told me."

"Never!"

"Not by words. Is it because—you found yourself in—prison?"

"Oh! I—She turned away, her hands clenched.

"And I've tried to—hide it!"

"I am certain nobody but I have guessed," said Wynne.

"But why you?"

"Because I—understand. Now we can talk, can't we? There must be a way out. We've got to find it."

She made no response.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.
By MARK
ALLERTON

"Why not tell Hugh all about it?" he suggested.

"Hugh?"

"Yes. Or—or is he—?" Wynne broke off. There were questions he did not dare ask.

"He's unhappy too—as unhappy as I," said Rosalie tremulously. "I've made him miserable. It's all my fault. There's some demon inside me that makes me want to do the wrong things, and—and I've been so cruel and horrid."

"Is that why you've come out to-day? Because you've had a scene, I mean?"

"No, no. We do not have scenes," she cried bitterly. "Often I wish we did. We just . . . rub along."

Then she pressed her hands to her head.

"What am I saying?" She paused. "I've no right to tell you this. It isn't fair—to Hugh. Oh, let me go away. Forget what I've said."

"You can't go yet," he responded. "We haven't found a way out yet. When did the trouble begin? What began it?"

"Only a trifle. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand. And now—now there isn't a bit of sunshine anywhere. And it's all my fault."

"So you've said," put in Wynne grimly. "I'm not so sure. Tell me more."

"No, no. I've told you too much. I wish I had told you nothing."

"Why?"

"It isn't fair—to Hugh."

"But it is fair to me! I can't have you unhappy. I mustn't have you unhappy." His voice rose.

She threw him a quick glance of wonderment.

"Your unhappiness means my unhappiness," he went on. "Because I value my own peace, we've got to find a way out."

She shook her head. "There isn't one," she said. "I've thought and thought and thought."

"But there is," he insisted. "This wretched suburb has got on your nerves. The Vicarage is as cheerful as a mausoleum; your life is a round of 'petty concerns and duties.' Bluntly, you are bored to death. Your husband has no sympathy. He—"

"Leave Hugh out of it," she commanded.

"Very well. That is just what I propose—leave Hugh out of it." His voice rasped as he spoke. He, too, had become pale, and his hands shook with his emotion.

"What do you mean?"

"Clear out of it all. Get away back to the life you know, to the sights you know, to the friends you know."

Now she was gazing at him blankly, the dawn of understanding in her eyes.

He caught her hands, roughly.

"Here is the way out!" he cried. "Here! Standing in front of you. Come to me, Rosalie. His voice dropped to a hoarse whisper.

"Come to me. I love you, Rosalie. I—"

She flung herself from him. Anger and mortification blazed in her eyes.

"You—cad!" she panted.

"Rosalie!"

"And I thought you were my friend! You! Think that I have opened my heart to a man like you! You say you understand! What do you understand? Nothing. Don't you know that there is no other man in the whole world who matters to me but Hugh? And it's because I've lost him that—that—"

She could say no more. She caught at her cloak and in feverish haste sought to put it on. He did not offer to help her. He had walked away. She had almost gained the door when he turned to her.

"Just one moment." Wynne's voice was hard with pain. "You are quite right. I am a cad. I—I forgot myself. I beg your pardon."

She did not reply. Neither did she move. There was a deep silence in the studio. It was broken by a sudden gasp of pain. Rosalie turned round quickly. She saw Wynne clutching his ease for support, his face white as parchment.

"Alan," she spoke sharply. "Alan! What is it? Are you ill?"

He let himself into a chair. She saw beads of perspiration on his forehead.

"No. It's nothing. I've had a turn like this before. I—I suppose I was upset—or something." He spoke with difficulty. "You'd better go now, Rosalie. Mrs. McBain will . . . Go—go quickly."

Rosalie fled to the house crying, "Mrs. McBain!" . . . When she hurried back to the studio with the landlady Wynne was almost

himself again. Mrs. McBain eyed him with stern anxiety.

"What ails ye?" she demanded. "Was it another of yer turns? Ye'll see a doctor this very day or my name's no' Mrs. McBain. He's that stubborn," she explained to Rosalie.

"There's no getting him to look after himself."

He rose slowly. "I'm as fit as a fiddle again," he said awkwardly. "I'm awfully sorry to have made so much fuss. I assure you, Mrs. Grieve, there's nothing the matter with me, nothing much. Please don't wait any longer."

Rosalie was gravely concerned, but she saw that her presence disturbed him.

"I certainly think you ought to see a doctor," she said.

"I will—I promise. I—I don't suppose you can forgive me for—upsetting you?" he asked wanly.

"Tut! You couldn't help it!" cried Mrs. McBain.

"No, Mrs. Grieve. . . I couldn't help it," he said, looking away. Then he added: "I wonder if the portrait will be finished?"

"We'll see," said Rosalie quietly.

"You'll come back?"

"Perhaps."

HUGH GRIEVE KNOWS.

THE portrait prospered. Rosalie forgave Alan Wynne and blamed herself for her weakness. But the atmosphere of the shabby little studio was her one solace in life. With the ripening spring the days at the vicarage grew longer and duller and the spirit of unrest more clamorous within her.

She was to be denied even the Bettisons and Madge Fairfield now. They were going to their beloved Paris for the summer. Even Wynne talked of joining them for a time. Soon she would be alone—with Hugh.

Hugh wrapped himself up in his work. His reputation had extended far beyond his parish, and the calls upon him were many and not to be denied. When he was at home he was cloistered for the most part in his study, but very often now he was away.

Now and again he made timid inquiries as to how Rosalie filled her days. Of purpose he couched them in a tone of polite indifference. He did not want her to think he had any desire to interfere again.

"Had a good time to-day?" he would ask, and Rosalie would reply: "Very good, thank you, Hugh. And so the matter came to drop."

Alan Wynne painted her portrait, but it was a different Alan Wynne. He received her; he hurried her into his studio; he painted in silence; he gave her tea, impatiently, she

thought; he dismissed her. He was hard, business-like, abrupt. But Rosalie understood, and liked him all the better for it.

There came an afternoon when the portrait was nearly finished. At his brief: "That will do today," Rosalie stepped from the dais.

"May I look?" she asked.

"Not yet. Next time, most likely." He averted his canvas. Then: "Mr. Moss was here to-day," he said.

"Mr. Moss? Our Mr. Moss?"

"Yes. Your churchwarden."

"What on earth did he want?"

"To look at my work, he said. I had shown him round before I realised who he was."

"Did he buy anything?"

"No. He asked a lot of questions, though."

"I'm sure he did," laughed Rosalie. Then she saw that Wynne was holding back something from her. "What did he say?" she asked.

"Nothing much. And yet a good deal. By the way, of course, Hugh—I mean your husband—knows about this portrait?"

Rosalie's face hardened.

"No—he doesn't," she said. "His birthday is very soon. I'm going to give it to him as a present."

"That's all right then," Wynne seemed relieved. "For you see, Moss saw it."

"He saw it!"

"How could I help it? There it was on the easel right in front of him. To my credit he recognised the likeness. To my discredit, I believe he expected to find it here. Northbury Park is a city of eyes, Mrs. Grieve."

Rosalie was annoyed. She did not want anyone to know about the portrait until she had given it to Hugh. Since then home nursing grievance against Wynne for having let Mr. Moss see his work.

The door of the dining-room, to the left of the hall, was open. She was surprised to see her husband there, striding up and down. He came to her quickly. Throwing off her outdoor things, she did not see his expression.

"So you've come back!"

"Yes! Isn't it a perfect day? I think—"

"Where have you been?"

She glanced at him quickly. He was in the shadow.

"Shopping . . . down the High-street," she replied.

She wanted to keep the present of her portrait a secret from him. Besides, until he got it there was room for more misunderstanding.

He turned on her fiercely. His face was grey, with passion.

"That's a lie . . . a lie!" he panted. "This pose of yours—it's nothing but a pose—I've found it out. You've tricked me—tricked me all the time. You've been with that fellow Alan Wynne. Have you?"

He waited for a reply. "Have you? Have you?" he shouted again.

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.

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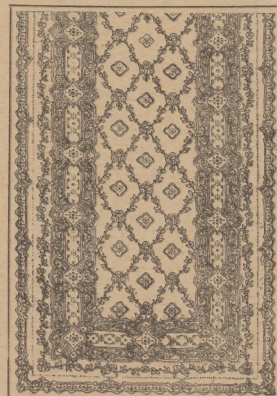
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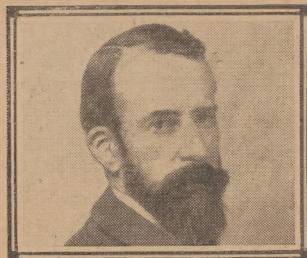
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SATISFACTION,
OR
MONEY
RETURNED.



Photograph of a ruined village issued by the French War Office. It was once a cluster of picturesque homes.



Lord Latymer.

Lord Latymer.

One member of the House of Lords has done much to revive public interest in the Royal Marines, and has tried to obtain what he has termed fair treatment for the corps. Lord Latymer, whose barony dates from 1431 and was rescued from abeyance in 1912, holds the opinion, and has furnished good written evidence in support of it, that the officer in the Marines is confronted with slow promotion and exceedingly hard work without prospect of official acknowledgment.

A Startling Speech.

Just before I left the House of Commons in the early hours of yesterday morning I listened to a speech of startling frankness from Sir Stephen Collins, which has not, I note, found its way into the papers. It made the House rattle with laughter. It was on the subject of married men without families.

A Wonderful Career.

Sir Stephen, a benevolent-looking old gentleman with rosy cheeks and silver hair, has had a wonderful career. He started life as a stone-mason at the age of fourteen. To-day he is the head of a large and flourishing London business. Sir Stephen is Nonconformist, a strong supporter of local temperance movements and M.P. for Kennington. He has been twice married.

Back to India.

His name was exceedingly familiar as a Board of Trade official in connection with labour disputes during pre-war days, will be leaving for India to take charge of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry in the Dependency.

Germans at Lloyd's.

Lloyd's has been having exciting and strenuous times with war risks ever since August, 1914. I was chatting with Alderman Sir E. E. Cooper, who has been a member for half a century, and he seemed merry and bright in spite of all. He told me that, unlike the Stock Exchange, there never have been many Germans in business at Lloyd's.

Go to Bed.

He told me this story, too. It has always been the custom when one wanted to call a clerk to the Bar of Lloyd's to call the member's name first and then the clerk's. A clerk was named Gotobed, and it was with suchunction that the crier called: "Paul Butler, go to bed" that rather than face future laughs from the room the clerk changed his name.

A Revival.

When drinking the cup that cheers with some people in Berkeley-square on Thursday the hostess suddenly excused herself, leaving us in the hands of her daughters. She said she had to go off to take her lesson in carving joints and fowls. It seems the joint is once more to be put on the table for the hostess to carve, the Russian fashion of serving from the side table being no longer practicable. Besides, housewives think they can serve more economically than their servants.



Mr. Pitt Chatnam.

concert which is being given at the Queen's Hall in aid of motor-ambulances. A national anthem is one of those things which should not be translated.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

Mr. Lloyd George at the Carlton.

I noticed Mr. Lloyd George lunching at the Carlton at a table for two, and that he was in good spirits was proved by the frequent smiles of the man he was with.

When He Put on His Glasses.

Mr. George was not wearing glasses when he entered the room (everybody recognised him), but I noticed that he put on his pince-nez at the table. His hair was as long as ever, his moustache trimly cut, he wore a morning coat and a pearl tie-pin. His face after lunch, when he lighted a large cigar, wore anything but the fierce expression that Mr. John has given him in the much-discussed portrait.

Beware of Tiptiz Beards.

You should be careful how you grow a beard these days. An old gentleman wearing a long forked beard was walking in Oxford-street when a Cockney youth shouted: "Now old Tiptiz, got any submarines about yer?" I take it he meant to ask for cigarette pictures.

In the Dark.

I asked the old blind man who taps his way along the Strand at six o'clock every evening if the darkened streets made any difference to him. His answer was the strange complaint that when people could see him they avoided him; now they are always colliding with his guiding stick.

In "Samples."

This is the latest portrait of Miss Billie Carlton, the young actress who took over the part of Ethel Levey at the Empire recently and is now stepping into Miss Mabel Russell's place in "Samples." She told me she was



Miss Billie Carlton.

born in Ireland, where she learned to ride—this will be useful to her, as just now she is playing an important part for the films where some roughriding is one of the principal features.

A Topical Win.

Yesterday's topical "tip" came off all right, Sweet Tipperary winning the first race at Windsor.

A Barrie First Night.

A new Barrie play is always something of a social event. In spite of Lent and the war, Wyndham's Theatre was crowded with celebrities. I noticed the Lord Chief Justice in one of the boxes. Just in front of me was Sir Charles Wyndham, who is now almost as famous a first-nighter as he was an actor. Mrs. McKenna followed the play with the keenest interest, and Sir Alfred Mond surveyed it from the balcony stalls.

The New Wendy.

"A Kiss from Cinderella" is a great personal triumph for Miss Hilda Trevelyan. All the charm, the humour and the winsomeness that she put into Wendy she has developed and intensified. Mr. Gerald du Maurier, as the policeman lover, was admirable, and one must at least mention the fine acting of Mr. O. B. Clarence, Mr. A. E. George and Miss Henrietta Watson. A wonderful play and a wonderful cast!

A Resuscitated Epigram.

By the way, the shrewd little Cinderella's business motto: "Trust in the Lord; every other person, cash," sent a ripple of laughter through the house. But I wonder how many of the audience knew that Sir James Barrie had used it before? You can find it in "When a Man's Single"—Sir James's first novel, which was written, I think, about twenty-five years ago.

The Irish Salute.

There was a charming scene yesterday morning in Shaftesbury-avenue: A wounded soldier on crutches was stopped by a pretty girl selling Irish flags. "Tommy" purchased one. As he did not move on he was asked if he wanted anything else. "What about that kiss?" he asked firmly. "A kiss?" echoed the pretty girl. "Yes," said "Tommy," "I understood that with every flag you gave a kiss." There was a moment's hesitation, and then the girl gave him a resounding kiss.

A Real Entente.

One little seller was a dainty Belgian maid who had been through the bombardment of Antwerp. Her first customer was a Russian lady, who was buying the shamrock for a little Serb child. Quite a pretty entente. And one of the "closest" men I know had to pay a couple of shillings and smile.

A St. Patrick's Party.

There was a merry gathering at the Coliseum yesterday afternoon, when the Countess of Kingston entertained 300 Irish wounded soldiers in honour of St. Patrick's Day. After the performance there was tea and other festivities.

The Simple Hun.

A Canadian friend tells me a good story of the hyphenated Hun. His name was Schmidt and he had been working in the United States. He wanted to join the Kaiser's army, and he asked an Irish policeman in Detroit the best way to Berlin. There is a Berlin in Ontario as well as in Germany. "Take the ferry to Windsor," said the policeman with a twinkle in his eye. Windsor is in Canada across the river from Detroit.

Landed.

He landed there and asked the aliens' officer the way to the Kaiser's recruiting station at Berlin. "Are you German?" the officer inquired. Schmidt was, and he declared he meant to fight until the British were exterminated. He is interned now in Southern Ontario, and wondering when he will get his uniform.



Mile. Yetta-Rianza.

For New York.

Mile. Yetta-Rianza, the very talented dancer in "Joyland" at the Hippodrome, has received a big offer to appear for a season at the Winter Garden, New York. Mile. Rianza was first dancer of the Opera Comique, Paris, where she was deservedly popular. I understand that Mr. Albert de Courville is taking out a huge British production to New York, and that Mile. Rianza will appear in it.

An Alderman's Boots.

"Half a minute," said the City magnate I met in Cheapside yesterday. "I must buy a pair of boots. Come in." He dived into a shop, and purchased the most colossal pair of understandings I have ever seen. They had aldermanic soles nearly an inch thick.

The New Peril.

"You see," he apologised, "I wore thin summer shoes the other day, and have got a very bad throat in consequence. 'Don't change your collar, then,' said a mutual acquaintance who came up at this moment, 'or you will get chilblains!'"

Mr. Bowles's Fight.

I heard last night that some of the principal supporters of the Government are feeling very uneasy as to the result of the Market Harborough election. They are quite prepared to find Mr. Gibson Bowles at the top of the poll. THE RAMBLER.

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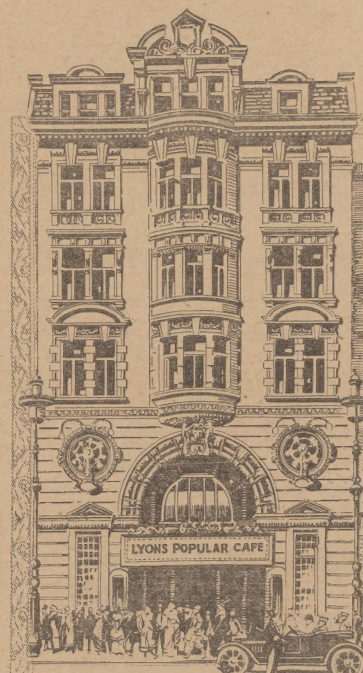
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NEWS ITEMS.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

THE LEAGUE—Lancashire Section: Everton v. Manchester City, Manchester United v. Liverpool, Stockport County v. Oldham Athletic, Burnley v. Bury, Bolton Wanderers v. Southport Central, Preston North End v. Blackpool.

THE LEAGUE—Midland Section: Bradford City v. Bradford Park Avenue, Bradford Town v. Leeds City, Rochdale v. Bradford, Chesterfield Town v. Notts Forest, Leicester Fosse v. Stoke, Notts County v. Derby County, Hull City v. Grimsby Town, Sheffield United v. Lincoln City, Rother-

LONDON COMBINATION.—Luton v. Reading, Fulham v. Clapton Orient, Croydon Common v. Tottenham Hotspur, West Ham United v. Millwall, Crystal Palace v. Chelsea, Queen's Park Rangers v. Watford, The Arsenal v. Brentford.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Bristol Rovers v. Portsmouth, Swindon v. Southampton, Cardiff City v. New-

PORT COUNTY.—**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**—Third Lanark v. Glasgow Rangers, 2-1; Celtic, Partick Thistle v. Hibernians, Clyde v. Ayr United, Queen's Park v. Airdrieonians, Raith Rovers v. Motherwell, Kilmarnock v. Greenock Morton, Hamilton Academicals v. Aberdeen, Heart of Midlothian v. Falkirk, Dundee v. Dumbarton.

NORTHERN UNION.

YORKSHIRE SECTION.—Hull Kingston Rovers v. Huddersfield, Hunslet v. Salford, Batley v. Dewsbury, Halifax v. Hull.

LANCASHIRE SECTION.—St. Helens v. Runcorn, Leigh v. Rochdale Hornets, Broughton Rangers v. St. Helens Recreation, Oldham v. Wigan, Swinton v. Bradford.

WINDSOR RACING—RETURNS.

1.0.—River 'Chase. 3m.—Sweet Tipperary (7-4, I. Anthony). 1: Darraidou (8-1). 2: Fleur de Lys (10-1). 3. 13

1.30.—Maiden 'Chase. 2m. 100yds.—Yellow Chat (5-1, Parfremment), 1; Kodak (5-1), 2; Prince Edgar (100-8), 3.
7 ran.

2.0.—Blue Cross Hurdle. 2m.—Court Bleddyn (6-1 W. Earl), 1; Blind Hookey (10-1), 2; Minstrel Park (9-4), 3.
14 ran.

2.30.—"Jubilee" Hurdle. 2m.—Archiestown (9-4, Parfremment), 1; Desmond's Song (5-1), 2; Chateau Vert (10-1), 3.
14 ran.

3.30.—Mill House Chase. 2m. 100yds.—Hannibal (10-1, Mr. Brown), 1; Ballincarroona (5-2), 2; Spotty (10-1), 3. 13 ran.

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Germany's Peace Offer: By Dr. Dillon, in "Sunday Pictorial"

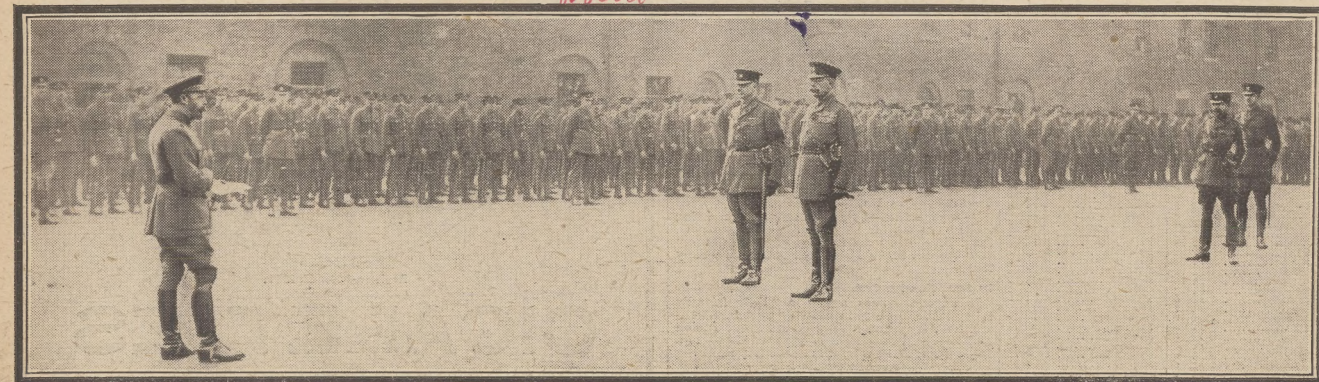
WHAT a Woman Thinks
of the Conscientious Ob-
jector: See "Sunday Pictorial."

The Daily Mirror

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THE Passing of Turkey:
By Col. A. M. Murray.
in the "Sunday Pictorial."

SHAMROCK DAY: THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE IRISH GUARDS.



The King addressing Lord Kitchener, Lieutenant-Colonel Kerry, D.S.O., the officer commanding, and the 3rd Reserve Battalion of the Irish Guards.

NEWS PORTRAITS.



Mr. Francis Bowater, who joined the *Standard* staff in 1857 and remained with it until yesterday.



Sir Stuart M. Samuel, M.P., was summoned for not giving notice that he employed a French governess.



The Queen presenting shamrock to the officers.

On the platform are Lord Kitchener, Sir Francis Lloyd and Mr. John Redmond, M.P. Princess Mary was an interested spectator.—(Official photographs.)

IRISH HEROES.



Corporal W. McKendry (Irish Guards) receives the D.C.M. On one occasion he threw bombs all night.



Sergeant J. Deacon, another Irish Guardsman, to receive the D.C.M. He acted as a stretcher-bearer.

TO HELP THE IRISH FIGHTING MEN.



Mrs. Fredemick presenting shamrock to the pipers of the Irish Rifles.



Decorating a soldier.



In national costume.

It was St. Patrick's Day yesterday, and little green flags, adorned with a harp, were sold in the streets for the benefit of the Irish troops and prisoners of war. Pounds and pennies soon filled their boxes.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE IN "MORE."



An episode in the life of a Very Bashful Man (period 1810). M. Leon Morton is the Very Bashful Man, Mlle. Delysia the Very Charming Lady, and "Ailne," a little beggar boy.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)